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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

SABBATH EVENING.

Is there a time when moments flow
More peacefully than all beside?
It is of all the times below,
A Sabbath eve in summer tide.

O then the setting sun smiles fair,
And all below, and all above,
The different forms of nature wear
One universal garb of love.

And then the peace that Jesus beamed,
The life of grace, the death of sin
With nature's placid woods and streams,
Is peace without, and peace within.

Delightful scene! a world at rest,
A god all love, no grief nor fear;
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,
A smile unsullied by a tear.

If heaven be ever felt below,
A scene so heavenly sure as this,
May cause a heart on earth to know
Some foretaste of celestial bliss.

Delightful hour! how soon will night
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign;
And morrow's quick returning light
Must call us to the world again.

Yet will there dawn at last a day,
A sun that never sets shall rise;
A night that never ends shall cease to ray,
The heavenly Sabbath never dies!

A LEGEND OF LIFE.

While still the flush of youth and hope
Stood mantling on my brow,
Nor yet a blur was on life's page—
That page so blotted now—

Methought the world was roft of sin,
Its roses bloomed so fair;
My novice hands were strangers then
To thorns that finger'd there.

First, Wisdom came, with mien severe,
An anchorite of ages past,
Who fain would pour into our ear
Deep words to chain my reverence fast:

Although the chambers of the brain
Closed not their portals to his tread,
His eloquence was breathed as vain
As requiems chanted o'er the dead.

When Prudence next essay'd the task
To charm, with words reputed wise,
I found, on peeping 'neath his mask,
Regret was beaming in his eyes:

When oft he taught from Mem'y's page,
I laugh'd his teachings all to scorn;
'Twas not beneath his vassalage,
My spirit's strength should o'er be shorn.

At last I saw a dimpled boy
With rosy face appear,
Whose cheeks of rose soon made me love
His laughing, roguish leer:

When once I tried to rove with him,
I ne'er would rove alone;
Alas the rogue had learned to steal—
I felt my heart was gone.

Even as I learned his name was Love,
He turned away to flee;
Thought oft I cried my heart to have,
He ne'er would give it me;

As if he gloried in the theft,
He gave my dearest part
To Beauty's sweetest, fairest maid,
Who still holds fast my heart.

WHAT A MAN WANTS HIS WIFE TO KNOW.
There are certain things a man wants his wife to know,
And which are never learned at ladies' seminaries,
and but too seldom we hear at home.

one would like his wife to know how to make a shirt.
Ever so rich, it would be a comfortable sensation
to think that she made it; yet there are some
who cannot even sew on a button.

To be able to cook a beef steak properly,
or toast a joint to a turn—to make a savory sauce,
or dish up a fricassee—to cook one's husband
a good dinner, in short, if need be—is what every
woman ought to know, and what very few do.

It is a solemn fact, that not one marriageable girl, in twenty
can make a really good cup of coffee.

It is all very well to study French, without ever
being able to read or speak it with any facility—
to learn six or eight sciences up to a confused
smattering, unavailable from the fear of making
blunders—to learn music and dancing for the
parlor and drawing room; but a man wants more
than this in a wife, and the sensible lover is often
frightened away from an amiable girl by a display
of accomplishments, which indicates the lack
of more useful acquirements.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KEEP THE LOAF UNDER YOUR OWN ARM.

A TRUE STORY.

The following is copied from a New York paper printed in the year 1776, and is related as a fact. Similar cases often occur in these days, that a parent, having given his all into the hands of his children are obliged to spend the remainder of his days in poverty and want.

"At this time there is living at Harlem, an old man who relates the following remarkable story of himself. He was possessed of a pretty good farm, with slaves and every thing necessary for his business, and had but one child, a son who, having married, it was agreed that the young couple should live in the house with the parent as he was a widower. Things went exceedingly well for some time, when the son proposed to his parent that he should make over to him his estate, promising to build a new house and otherwise improve the farm. The father, through persuasion, gave him a deed or gift of it, and every thing belonging to it.

After a few years, as the father grew old, he grew a little fretful and dissatisfied, while the son thinking he had nothing more to expect from him forgot his filial duty, and used his aged father worse than he did his servants. The old man was no longer permitted to eat at the table with his son and wife, but compelled to take his meals in the chimney corner, and continually otherwise ill used by them. The old man ate his victuals daily from a wooden bowl, which his son had made for him. His grand-son saw his father make this bowl, and set about making just such another. Being asked by his father what he made it for, he answered, "For you to eat out of when you grow as old as grandfather."

Although this ought to have turned his heart, and made him reflect that as he dealt by his father, he might expect to be dealt with by his children when he grew old, still it had no effect upon him and the ill-usage was carried to such a height that he could no longer bear it, but left the house and went to a relation and neighbor of his declaring that if his friend could not help him get his farm back again he should be obliged to come and live with him.

His friend answered that he might come and live with him, and, if he would follow his directions, he would help him get his estate again.

"Take this bag of dollars, carry it into your room, at your son's shut it up well in your chest, and about the time you expect they will call you down to dinner, shut your door, and have all your dollars spread out at table in the middle of the room. When they call you, make a noise with them, by sweeping them from the table into the bag again."

The bait took completely. The wife had peeped through the key-hole, and saw the dollars spread out on the table, and told it to her husband. When the old man came down, they insisted on his sitting down at the table with them and treated him with uncommon civility.

The old man related to his friend what he had done, who gave him directions what to do if his son asked him for the money.

After a few days, the son discovered the old man very busily engaged in counting out his money, and at the next meal time asked what money it was that he had been counting.

"Only some money I had received from the discharge of one of the bonds I had standing out. I expect more in a few days, and I fear I shall be obliged to take Mr. _____'s farm, upon a mortgage, as he is not able to raise the money, and if the farm is sold it will not fetch as much as will discharge the mortgage."

After a few days, the son told the father he intended to build a house on the farm, and would be glad if his father would let him have that money.

"Yes, child, all that I have is coming to you! I intend giving you the bonds and mortgage I have, but then I think it will be best to have it put all together in a new deed or gift. I will get neighbor L— to call here and draw a new one."

Accordingly, his friend and cousin, who had devised the scheme, came to the house, the son gave the old deed, that another might be drawn for it. When the old man had got the instrument in his hand, in the presence of his friend he broke off the seal, and committed the writing to the fire saying—

"Burn! cursed instrument of my folly and my misery!—and you, my dutiful children, as this estate is all my own again, you must remove immediately, unless you will be content to be my tenants. I have learned by sad experience, that it is the best for a parent to hold the loaf under his own arm—and that one father can better maintain ten children, than ten can a father."

COLLEGE FOR CANONS. A gentleman, in reading a description of Windsor came to the following passage: "Within St. George's Chapel, Henry I. founded a college for canons."

"A college for canons!" exclaimed a friend, "why, what could education do for canons?"

"Make them great guns, to be sure," replied the gentleman.

We notice that in Nantucket they make known the publications through the newspapers. A very good idea. It saves the ladies much time formerly spent in gossiping the news about. Now, every body knows "who's to get married." Newspapers are the proper vehicles of information. [See.]

AGRICULTURAL SCHOOLS.

It is truly gratifying that more attention is being bestowed upon the establishment of Agricultural Schools than has ever taken place previously. We are rejoiced at this; because we believe such institutions eminently calculated to do much good to our country, if properly conducted.

In regard to the question which parents so frequently find themselves called upon to ask—"What are we to do with our sons?" Agricultural Schools under judicious arrangements, would do much to afford the most fortunate avenues for a final and happy answer. A general discussion has had the effect to satisfy all intelligent minds that what are termed merely the learned professions have a tendency to be sadly overstocked. So also with Clerkships and Merchants without any thing whatever to aid them forward in business. Instead of parents still continuing to crowd their sons in these uncertain and unproductive avenues, we agree with an intelligent contemporary, that it would be far better to put them between the handles of a plough, teach them the honest, independent, praiseworthy and sure business of a farmer—let them learn how to cultivate the land—to make two blades of grass grow where one now grows—to clear ground—to plough, sow, reap, and harvest, to learn the business not only mechanically but scientifically—to understand why and wherefore this tillage or that tillage, this soil or that is most productive. We have land in abundance; we only require the knowledge how to make it productive, and men of high rank and family pride need not blush to see their sons farming—it is the true nobility of the soil—the sure road to independence, good citizenship, and real happiness. There never need be any apprehension that a brilliant mind, if reared in the noble pursuits of agriculture, will not find sources enough to make itself known and felt. Many of the greatest minds of every age have been those who have been reared amid the contemplative and beautiful scenery of rural industry—whence they have been afterwards called to participate in the highest duties of State and nation. And if thousands of our sons now seeking the overrun avenues of the professions and the crowded ranks of the Clerkships in our large cities, had the good fortune to become students in good Agricultural Schools, their prospects for the future and the hopes of their country would be immeasurably advanced. [Democratic Expositor.]

WORK FOR CHILDREN.

There is no greater defect in educating children, than neglecting to accustom them to work. It is an evil that attaches mostly to large towns and cities. Children suffer much from it. The parent never considers whether the child's work is necessary or not to the child. Nothing is more uncertain than their future independence and comfort—much depends on being accustomed to work—accustomed to provide for the thousand constantly recurring wants that nature entails on us.

If this were not so, still it preserves them from bad habits—it secures their health—it strengthens both mind and body—it enables them better to bear the confinement of the school-room and it tends more than anything else to give them just views of life.

It is too often the case that children, provided they spend a half dozen hours of the day at school, are permitted to spend the rest as they please. Thus they grow up in the world without a knowledge of its toils and cares. They view it through a false medium. They cannot appreciate the favors you bestow, as they do not know the toils they cost. Their bodies and minds are enervated, and they are exposed to whatever vicious associations are within their reach.

The daughter, probably, becomes that pitiable helpless object, a novel-reading girl. The son, if he surmounts the consequences of our neglect, does it probably after his plans and station for life are fixed, and when knowledge, for one of its important objects, comes too late.

No man or woman is fully educated if not accustomed to manual labor. Whatever accomplishments they possess, whatever their mental training, a deduction must be made for ignorance of that important chapter of the world's great book.

THE SCOTCH THISTLE.—The origin of this national badge is thus handed down by tradition. When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwarlike to attack an enemy in the pitch darkness of night, instead of pitching battle by day; but on one occasion, the invaders resolved to avail themselves of this stratagem; and in order to prevent their tramp from being heard, they marched barefooted. They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped upon a supurily pricked thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assailants to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with great slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland.

Not long before Thomas Hood's death one of his literary friends wrote to him of a severe illness from which he had himself been suffering. Hood's characteristic reply was:

"I am sorry to hear of your dangerous attack, and rejoice that it is passed; as for me, I have been so near Death's door, since I saw you that I heard the creaking of the hinges."

Why is a barber shaving his friend, like one who tries to get acquainted with you? Because he is scraping an acquaintance.

THE REVERENDS appear to have been funny at the meeting of the new holy "Christian Alliance." They made puns, cracked jokes, &c. in a manner that created great merriment. Dr. Bacon, of New Haven said:

"The Pope talks of dissolute Italians leaving his dominions, but I believe, Mr. Chairman, that he keeps all such at home—for I have never met with any such—and he makes himself liable for an action of slaughter for the utterance of such a sentiment. He says, moreover, that the Italians who emigrate are poor. The Pope himself is very much troubled to pay his debts; he is as bad off as Pennsylvania. It would not be wonderful if his subjects were poor, for he has shamed and shamed them till there is nothing left. I don't wonder that the Pope is poor, sir. Any man would suffer that affliction, who had so many Jesuits, priests and nuns quartered upon him."

The last thing which the Pope has been frightened about, is railroads. He will have no railroads in Italy; he is more inflexible than New Hampshire. But he can't do it, sir. He must keep clear of the track, for the engine is coming. Look out, for the bell is ringing!

The jollity of Dr. Bacon excited the Rev. Dr. Beecher's risibility, and when the meeting was dissolved, he let off the following witticism:—"This will do, I think, and if the Pope had been here to hear it, I think he would have said it would do, too—do him over." [Boston Post.]

A REMARKABLE CITY.—Constantine is one of the largest and most interesting cities in Africa, and is probably the most remarkable in the world from its situation; it is placed upon the top of a rock nearly square, surrounded nearly by a deep ravine, at the bottom of which runs a rapid river and cuts it off completely from the surrounding country. Nature seems to have prepared this almost invulnerable site for a city—it stands amidst mountains covered with eternal snow. The scene is grand and the ravine most awful, varying from three to nine hundred feet in depth, of bare rugged rock; at the bottom is a river which dashes most furiously along its rough and broken banks, and at last emerges from a valley at the foot of the mountains, by an almost perpendicular fall of one hundred and fifty feet. Just at this point, from the peak of the towering rocks above, is the place of execution of the unfaithful wives of the citizens; the poor wretches were thrown from the rock above, and descending nine hundred feet below, were dashed to pieces.—When the French took the town, many of the inhabitants in terror threw themselves from these rocks into the abyss below. Constantine cost the French two expeditions, as they failed in 1836, and were obliged to retreat with great loss. In 1837 they were successful, but lost their commander-in-chief, with a large number of officers of high rank, and altogether the town cost five thousand men, as I am told by an officer who was present on both occasions. However, with the French in possession of the town, it is impregnable.

HINTS FOR HOT WEATHER.—Every person, who has a care for health, comfort, and happiness, may well look to the kind and quantity of food which he consumes during the warm weather. Any physician will advise the very moderation and selection which we now urge, and nature herself, notwithstanding the contrary influence of cherished habit, will, if carefully consulted, point out a medium course, and invite us to pursue it. If this species of philosophy was more carefully and more generally adhered to, there would be less disease, less sluggishness, and more comfort experienced during the summer months. The physician would have less to do, and the people less to complain of. Our omnivorous propensities may be sometimes indulged without harm, but hardly so now. The very beasts whose nature has directed to feed extensively upon raw meats, afford us an example of moderation, by themselves abstaining in a considerable degree, while the warm season continues. With fruit and vegetables in luxurious abundance and variety, and an adequate supply of the lighter elements of flesh and fish, there is every opportunity for choice; every inducement to experimentalize on the philosophy of feeding.

A writer on political economy says, a vast number of people never seek an article themselves; it must be brought to their knowledge by others. It is a fact that this class of people are better off than the richest and the most thrifty in the community. The explanation given of it is, that they devote themselves so closely to their business as to have no time to run all around the town or country, bargaining; while those who have this propensity are generally neglectful of their business, and thus lose at home what they gain abroad. The first class sometimes lose a trifle abroad but their gains at home are sure and steady.

CANDLES THAT DO NOT NEED SNUFFING.—Candles may be made to burn their own wicks by saturating them with a strong solution of niter, and then thoroughly drying them. The cause of the wicks of candles refusing to burn, is the air cannot get access to them. However, at a high temperature, water is dry enough for this purpose.

Short sentences seem discouraging; we can we can scarcely find like a guide post way; the other li are often put where we are.

A FRAGMENT. To enter this world without a welcome—to leave it without an adieu—to suffer and be unequal to our sufferings—to stand a sad and silent monument amid the joys of others, which you cannot understand nor conceive of—to carry within your bosom the buried seeds of happiness, which are to grow of intelligence which is never to burst forth, or usefulness which is never to terminate—to find even your presence afflictive and know not whether you excite compassion or horror—a whole existence without one cheering sound—without one welcome accent—without one exhilarating thought—without one hope of the future—On! what a cloud of wretchedness covers, surrounds, and overwhelms such a deplorable victim of sorrow.

Now, to throw over such a benighted being the sweet rays of intelligence—to open the intellect, and let it gush forth to streams of light and joy—to rouse the affections, that they may know and love God, the giver of all things, and merciful in all his chastisements—to enlighten the soul that it may see its origin and destiny—to cause the lips to smile, tho' they cannot speak; the eye to glisten with other emotions than those of sorrow; and the mind to understand, although it cannot hear—Oh! what a beautiful supplement to the benevolence of Heaven.

SPECIMEN OF IRISH REASONING. "Och! Grace, dear honey, it would do your heart good to hear the fine discourse I heard from Tim Fogarty, the schoolmaster at Abbside, when he was converting Dick Nowlan. Dick, like a Poor ignorant creature as he is, said that the Protestant religion was the best, for says he, 'Isn't it the reformed religion, and ain't ye all crying out for reform from morning till night, and here's a reformed religion ready made to your hand.' 'Why thin bad-luck to ye, spalpeen,' says Tim, 'sure the Roman epistle thrue faith; didn't you see or hear of Paul's Epistle (which means a letter) to the Romans? 'Yis I did, sure enough,' says Dick. 'Well thin,' says Tim, 'did ye ever see or hear of Paul, or any other of the saints, writing a lethur to the Protestants? Now, Dick, what have you got to say?'—Faith, Grace, dear honey that foolish fellow, Dick Nowlan, was dumb-founded, and could not say boo to a goose; and who after that, could doubt the Roman Catholic religion being the only true one, and could help wishing to convert the good master and Parson Disney, and the rest of the good people, to it?"

MESMERISM is not in favor at Rome. The authorities there have issued a sort of bull against it, declaring the practice of animal magnetism to be allowable in no circumstances. But by what authority does the pope prescribe the opinions which men shall form and determine between the true and the false in science! It is the same spirit that immured Galileo, and prohibited the writings of Erasmus. The truth is the pope claims to be the sole proprietor of all mesmeric influence over the bodies and souls of men, and is jealous of every rival that contends his exclusive right to lay asleep the physical and spiritual energies of man, at his pleasure.

Two gentlemen the other day, at a public table, got into a vehement dispute upon a subject of which it was quite evident both were profoundly ignorant. A big bull dog which had been quietly sleeping on the hearth, was aroused by their violence, and began barking furiously. An old gentleman who had quietly sat sipping his wine while the disputants were talking gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, 'hold your tongue, you brute. You know no more about it than they do.' The laugh of the whole table was turned immediately upon the noisy bawlers.

Dan Marble, the Yankee comedian, tells of a very smart girl, a maid of all work, that he met about a hotel at Belfast. While lying about the house one morning at a brisk rate, one of the boarders accosted her with—"You're a smart girl Katy."

"Smart, is it sir? Well may you say that!" "You do a good deal of work, Katy."

"Don't I sir! Why this blessed morning, sir, I rose at four o'clock, kindled a fire, put on the tea-kettle, swept the kitchen and made every bed in the house before a sun was up!"

A practical farmer informs the Hartford Times, that he has a large number of potatoes that have remained nearly sound, while others rotted off at the bottom. While looking for the cause, he found that those potatoes which were set limb part sound, those which were set in the way they grew, were rotted off. This fact is worthy the attention of farmers.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Genoa will not allow prayers to be offered for the repose of General Cialdini.

REMOVALS FROM OFFICE.

The whigs who made such havoc among the office holders on the occasion of Gen. Harrison's victory, and sung hosannah over the victor, now make a great noise because forsooth, Mr. Polk has deemed it expedient to comply with the expressed wishes of the majority of the people, and fill his offices with men of true republican principles. Their logic they preached and practiced upon in 1840, is 'no go' with them in 1845. It is a poor rule which will not work both ways. Upon this subject, the Washington correspondent of the Boston Post, most aptly remarks:

"Apropos of removals from office, are not the tears shed by the whigs on this subject the most crocodilean fluid that has ever trickled down the cheek of humanity? Did they, vain mortals, expect that their services would be retained under a democratic administration? If they did, their bump of expectation must be developed most amazingly, that's all. No, no, gentlemen whigs. To carry out republican measures, the country need the services of republican men, and it will have them. If Clay had been elected it would be found in office, to 'well the tale' of federal vindictiveness and proscription. The Jacobin Clay Club of this district had them all marked for ostracism, from the heads of bureaus down to the humblest messenger. And yet, because the present administration, forsooth, will not allow them to monopolize all the public offices, they indulge in the most pitiful lamentations. To retain their places they sometimes resort to expedients that would almost suffice to provoke a saint to laughter. Take the following dialogue, for example, which took place the other day between one of the Secretaries and a whig clerk.

Clerk.—I understand, Mr. Secretary, that I am about to be removed from office because I was friendly to Mr. Clay. Can this possibly be true?

Sec.—'Tis even true. You chose your side in the game, and have lost. It is impossible to go back.

Clerk.—But I have been in the public service for so many years.

Sec.—So much the worse for you. If you held a good situation, it is time honors should go round—if a poor one, that you should be removed.

Clerk.—But the duties of my place are so difficult that none but myself can properly discharge them.

Sec.—Then it were high time that the place you speak of be abolished. Situations so intricate and dark ought not to be allowed to exist in this plain government.

Clerk.—I repeat no one but myself can discharge its duties.

Sec.—What would the government do if you should take it into your head to die or to resign? It would have to stop.

Here the conversation "stopped" too. Next morning the place was assigned to an intelligent and active young democrat from Ohio, who sufficiently mastered all its duties in two days!

This is but the epitome of an argument that I would apply to almost every place in the government. It is not true that the country cannot exist without the services of policy and principles. Napoleon once remarked, in answer to precise such views, "no man is necessary." He understood the force of this observation beyond any man of his day and generation, for frequently were his most efficient associates cut down by his side, and he never experienced any difficulty in supplying their places. "There are as good fish in the sea as have ever been taken out of it."

MORMONISM. William Smith, brother of the renowned Joe, has assumed the mantle of the murdered Mormon. The editor of the Nauvoo Journal, says:—

"William is the last of the family, and truly inherits the blood and spirits of his father's house, as well as the priesthood and patriarchal office from his father and brother legally and by hereditary descent."

BLUE LAWS. This title was given to the early laws of Connecticut, it is said, because they were first printed on blue paper. Be that as it may, there are some of them sufficiently amusing to merit reprinting on white paper. Here are four of them, which were enacted by the Colony of New Haven at its first settlement, viz:—

1. No one shall walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently, and from meeting.
2. No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath day.
3. No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or Fast day.
4. The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Friday evening.

ing Facetious. Have you seen Mrs. Stimpson's new dress?

—It is from most

MINISTER TO ENGLAND.

In our last paper was announced the appointment of Hon. Louis McLane as Minister to England, and at the same time we copied the approbatory remarks of the Washingtonian Union upon this appointment. Some of the whig journals speak highly of Mr. McLane, and it is to be regretted if the democratic journals that his appointment does not strike very favorably have cause for the apprehensions they have expressed in regard to it. If President Polk has bestowed an important office on a person who has not always been a consistent democrat, it should be borne in mind that he has a precedent for it in President Jackson, although we confess we should at this juncture of affairs rather doubt the sound principles of any man receiving office from President Polk other than the person who is to represent this country at the Court of St. James for four years to come.

From the Hartford Daily Times.

The Mission to England has been bestowed on Louis McLane, formerly of Delaware, but at present a resident of Maryland. Mr. McLane was for several years the representative of the people of Delaware in Congress, and was a conspicuous member of the federal party, of the school of Bayard. Although opposed to Mr. Madison, he was also opposed to the New England federalists, when they opposed the country during the last war, and always condemned the Hartford Convention. As a representative, and as a politician, he was particularly hostile to the election of John Quincy Adams. In 1824 he was a partizan of Wm. H. Crawford, when the vote of Delaware for that gentleman, and the decision devolved on Congress. Subsequently he supported the election of Gen. Jackson, and was selected by him as a minister to England, in 1829. When Gen. Jackson re-organized his cabinet, Mr. McLane was invited into it, as Secretary of the Treasury. But in the war that was raging with the bank, the federal principles of Mr. McLane predominating, he had left the cabinet, and we believe, united with Nicholas Biddle and the money power in the conflict that followed.

1840, if we mistake not, he supported "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," but was no friend of John Tyler; nor has he ever countenanced the election of Henry Clay, in whom he reposed no confidence. At the late election he supported Polk and Dallas.

Since his retirement from Gen. Jackson's cabinet, he has since been connected with several large money corporations—was President of the Morris Canal company, and is at this time President of one of the Maryland Railroad companies.

The Union congratulates the country upon this appointment; but it does not strike as one particularly fortunate, for though not of ultra federal politics, we know not the distinctive favorable shades between Mr. McLane and Mr. Everett. Neither is identified with the democratic party or policy; although Mr. McLane professes a different class of men to Mr. Everett. It is to be presumed that the President has information of the orthodoxy of Mr. McLane on the Oregon question, or he would not have tendered him this important post—We should have been glad to have seen a man of less equivocal character selected for this place. The fact that our Secretary of State, and our first minister abroad are from the federal party originally, is fortunate for the administration. We mean not, however, to find fault with them, but to state the facts, independent of other considerations. In the good intentions of the President, and his determination not to surrender our right in the Oregon, we shall confide. We do not think, however, that the administration thus far has been particularly happy in its foreign appointments.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

With regard to the appointment of a Minister to the Court of St. James, although objection enough can and will be made to the nondescript features of the appointment in its party aspect, and the conservative and ultra tariff character it is likely to assume, it is not intended to enter these objections at present.

The object now made to the election of the President of a joint stock company, is simply this: that the government borrows its chief officer for a time, in order to send him on a most important mission. At least so says the Baltimore American, which is likely to be well informed on this point.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH FEELING.

When the President delivered his inaugural address, there was not a whisper of opposition from the whole ranks of the whig party upon one of its important passages. Celebrated it has since become; but, at the time, it passed without the slightest criticism. He asserted our rights to Oregon as "clear and unquestionable." What Oregon as "clear and unquestionable." What whig orator contradicted it? What whig press censured it? Not one, as far as we are advised. If there were one, or a few, it was certainly confined to a narrow circle. Such was the American feeling.

But when the English press attacked it—when Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen rebuked it—then, indeed, the eyes of the whigs were suddenly opened. The whigs began to contemplate the subject through British spectacles. They indeed, the whigs caught the cue from our British rivals; and because they who set up a claim to the territory of Oregon thought proper to address the address of our President, the whigs were pleased to imitate their example. They, too, began to denounce it. They, too, for the first time, thought Mr. Polk's language utterly unjustifiable, because the English Premier had first struck the gong of opposition. Is this, indeed, the character of an American patriot?—or is it the character of a British follower? All have nothing to rest upon that should injure the reputation of any honest public servant. How can it but know that it unblushingly misrepresents facts and attempts to make a false impression on the minds of its readers in regard to a matter not of a party nature and in which whigs and democrats are indiscriminately interested? Before the Governor and Council took those claims in hand, which was done under the authority and direction of the Legislature, not given for party objects, or by a party, or to benefit partisans, the leaders of the whig party in the Legislature advocated their allowance and payment from the State Treasury. The Governor and Council

have since done nothing but to audit the same accounts and direct them to be presented in form with the necessary vouchers to the proper officers at Washington to be paid from the United States Treasury. If the Signal does not know all this it is culpably ignorant. Let it beware of the recoil of its own gun. [Bangor Democrat.]

Important from Texas—Meeting of the Texas Congress—Consummation of Annexation.

IMPORTANT AND GLORIOUS NEWS. On the eve of the great day which is consecrated to the independence of our country, we hail the reunion of Texas with the United States. We will now tread the road of freedom and greatness together. This news came to us by the Princeton steamer, which arrived at Annapolis to-day at 2 o'clock. Dr. Wright brings the despatches from Annapolis. He left Washington, Texas, on the 21st of June, and arrived at Galveston on the 22d—on which day the Princeton left that place. We are favored by the Doctor with the following memoranda:

"The U. S. ship Princeton, Com. Stockton, arrived at Annapolis, from Galveston, Texas, after the short passage of nine days, having consumed only 93 tons of coal. She steamed against head winds, with the exception of only 36 hours, when she was assisted by her sail. No Atlantic steamer has ever made so good an hourly average, with the same economy of fuel; and considering all the circumstances, it may be regarded as an unprecedented passage.

"The news brought by the Princeton is of the most interesting character. Both houses of the Texas Congress have unanimously consented to the terms of the joint resolution of the United States. The Senate had rejected the treaty with Mexico by a unanimous vote. Captain Waggoner had arrived at Washington, Texas, to select posts, to be occupied by the United States troops, and to provide for their subsistence. A resolution was introduced into both houses of Congress, requiring the executive to surrender all posts, navy yards, barracks, &c., to the proper authorities of the United States. The joint resolutions were introduced into both houses of Congress on the same day, and were almost identical in their tenor. The resolutions passed the senate on the 18th of June, and were sent to the house; the house laid them on the table, and passed their own resolutions unanimously, and sent them to the senate on the next day. In the meantime, considerable jealousy arose as to which branch should claim the honor of the patriency of the resolutions; and it was finally settled that the house should take up the resolutions of the senate, and amend them in the third section. The amendments passed them in their present form, and sent them back to the senate, which body concurred in the amendment. The President is pledged to give full and immediate effect to the will of Congress, so far as depends upon himself. This important intelligence has just reached the President of the United States (this evening, half past eight). Dr. Wright brings copious despatches from our able Charge, Major Donelson; but they are written prior to the adoption of the resolutions of the Congress of Texas. [Washington Union.]

Whereas, a pamphlet is in circulation, signed by J. Somerville, recently a convict in the State Prison, stating the cruel manner in which he was treated by the officers; the poor quality of food served out to them; the want of care and attention as to the foundation and erection of the New Prison; and the intemperance of the Warden, &c., &c., which statements, if true, present a picture of barbarity and cruelty, and a parallel in civilized government for barbarity cannot be found.

Perhaps some notice of this publication may be expected; and as it did not present any accusation against me, or any statements not to be regarded in the light of self-defense.

To all, therefore, who feel for the honor of our State, and a sympathy for the unfortunate, or who may have friends here confined, I am free to say, that the pamphlet contains but little less than downright falsehoods.

My duty calls me often to visit the week days, as well as on the Sabbath, and having a good opportunity to see what kind of provision is served out to them—both at noon and at night, and never, in one instance, have I seen provision otherwise than good and wholesome. Indeed, I take pleasure when I am there with a stranger, (as is often the case) to conduct them into the cook room, to show them the good quality of their food, and also the quality and quantity of the other food which is prepared for them.

Their cook room is neat, their food is good, and enough of it.

As to cruelty, if it has been inflicted, I have never been there to witness it. All must know, that in such an establishment strict discipline must be maintained; but I feel confident that if the prisoner behaves well, he will be treated well.

In reference to the New Prison, I saw it in its progress daily, from its foundation to its completion, and it is in my opinion, for strength, neatness and comfort, not to be surpassed in the United States—and reflects honor on the State, and much credit on those who had the management of its erection.

Concerning the intemperance of the Warden, I am happy to state, that in all my intercourse with him, I never once surmised that he had been drinking intoxicating liquor.

Other statements in the book are in character with those I have noticed, and I therefore consider it useless to extend my remarks.

I can, therefore, with all the honesty and sincerity of one bound with all others of the human family to account to God my Judge, subscribe my name with all the fear and solemnity of an oath.

JOB WASHBURN,
Chaplain of the Maine State Prison.
Thomaston, June 30th, 1845.

ANNEXATION SAFE.

The great question of Annexation is now settled. The highly important and gratifying intelligence received from Texas, which we publish in another column, puts the matter fully at rest. The fact that both branches of the Texas Congress have unanimously consented to the terms of Annexation as proposed by our government, shows such perfect and entire unanimity on the part of the whole people of that country as completely to dispel all apprehension of danger from British and French intrigue. The heart of the people of Texas is too thoroughly American—the principles of their people too strongly republican—the hatred of British influence and oppression too deeply seated to admit of any such alliance as England now desires between the two nations.

Texas now comes into the sisterhood of our Union not as a stranger—not as an inferior, but as a friend and equal, and enters at once into the enjoyment of all the rights and privileges, and assumes all the responsibilities of the other members of the Union. Instead of being placed in the attitude of a rival power, and entering into a competition with the United States in the production of the great staples of agriculture, she will hereafter occupy the position of a friend and companion, bound to us by a common interest as well as by the strong ties of kindred, of religion and political faith.

The advantages which will result from this union must be very great. The whole country North and South will participate in them. The South will by annexation, be saved from the only rival in the cotton markets of the world which she had to fear. The U. S. States and Texas are the only countries from which Great Britain can supply her immense cotton factories with the raw material to keep them in operation. Had Texas remained an independent nation, Great Britain would undoubtedly have made such commercial arrangements as would have enabled her to draw her principal supply of cotton from that country, and thus exclude a large portion of the produce of the South from her markets. As it is now, no arrangement can be made—the interests of the cotton growers of Texas and the other States will hereafter be the same.

But great as will be the benefits of annexation to the South, they will be small indeed as compared to the advantages that will result to the North. It will open the ports of that rich and rapidly increasing country to the introduction of the produce and manufactures of the North free of all duty and all restraint.

State Treasury. The Governor and Council

WHIG SCURRILITY.

The last *Valley Signal*, in speaking of the management of our claims against the General Government, compares Gov. Anderson and the Executive Council, Mr. Johnson, Secretary of State, and Mr. Harris the agent of Maine, with "counterfeiters," "forgers" and "fraudulent emissaries." What the whig print expect to gain by this coarse and wanton abuse of men of the greatest respectability and most unimpeachable integrity we cannot conceive, unless it be to vilify the Government at the expense of a good name. It heads its scurrilous article with the words, "fraud in high places," emblazoned in large antique letters, which will illustrate the effrontery and bold impudence of its manners and the black malignant character of its succeeding remarks. The *Signal* well knows that no person filling a "high place" has committed, or attempted to commit, any "fraud," and it can but know that its charges have nothing to rest upon that should injure the reputation of any honest public servant. How can it but know that it unblushingly misrepresents facts and attempts to make a false impression on the minds of its readers in regard to a matter not of a party nature and in which whigs and democrats are indiscriminately interested? Before the Governor and Council took those claims in hand, which was done under the authority and direction of the Legislature, not given for party objects, or by a party, or to benefit partisans, the leaders of the whig party in the Legislature advocated their allowance and payment from the State Treasury. The Governor and Council

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JULY 15, 1845.

The State Prison.

We copy the following Letter from the Chaplain of the State Prison, with the accompanying remarks of the Argus, for the benefit of some sympathizers in this vicinity. Read it, one and all.

"The Portland Advertiser is still unhappy on the charges made by Dr. Somerville, against the Warden of the State Prison. This English convict, who, without any elective right, assisted in 1840 in constituting the majority of two or three hundred that folly turned the vote of Maine for Harrison, has won great sympathy from the federal and neutral editors in the State. The libels of this man, thrown from the press, while he was 'running for dear life' for some port whence he could embark for Europe—seems to have more potency than the statements of Inspectors and Wardens, on the conduct and appointments of the Prison. 'A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,' sometimes, an anxiety mayhap, to have these charges true may do much towards making them believed to be so. But in contrast with these charges of Somerville, and insinuations of various editors, read the following from the worthy Chaplain of the Prison; and then judge where the weight of evidence lies:

Whereas, a pamphlet is in circulation, signed by J. Somerville, recently a convict in the State Prison, stating the cruel manner in which he was treated by the officers; the poor quality of food served out to them; the want of care and attention as to the foundation and erection of the New Prison; and the intemperance of the Warden, &c., &c., which statements, if true, present a picture of barbarity and cruelty, and a parallel in civilized government for barbarity cannot be found. Perhaps some notice of this publication may be expected; and as it did not present any accusation against me, or any statements not to be regarded in the light of self-defense.

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State Treasury. The Governor and Council

And who can estimate the vast profits which will result to the agriculturalists of the North and West from the supply of beef, pork, wheat, corn, flour, and other articles of Northern and Western produce which will there find a market, and to the manufacturers for the cotton and woolen goods, the boots, shoes, and thousands of varieties of manufactures, which the necessities of her increasing population will require? Who can estimate the profits to our shipping interests, which will have from the very nature of the case, almost an entire monopoly of her carrying trade? The truth is, that the North are the great factors of the South.—We sell their cotton—their sugar, their molasses and rice—we carry it to market for them, and get our full share of the profits of the whole operation. The North in consequence of the superiority of her citizens, always has made as much or more money out of the Southern products as has the South itself; and as long as the South is what it now is, such will continue to be the case from the very laws of necessity. Such too will be the case with regard to Texas when annexed to the Union. Annexation has sometimes been improperly advocated as a Southern measure—the truth is, it is a great Northern measure, and while it will save the South from positive injury by competition, it will open broad channels for Northern commerce and rich fields of Northern enterprise. We repeat, that no section of the Union is as much interested in the extension of Southern territory as is the North, and to no section will the annexation of Texas prove as profitable and important.—Age.

THAT ROAD.

We congratulate the citizens of this town, and our friends North of us, in communicating the fact that the question in relation to the location of "The Snow's Falls Road" is in a fair way to be settled. Most of our readers are aware that a warm contest has been going on for many years in relation to a great thoroughfare through this Town on the Little Androscoggin River. The Committee appointed by the S. J. Court, composed of Messrs. Eastman, of Harrison, Robinson, of Waterford, and Brown, of Buckfield, have recently explored the routes on both sides of the River, and after a protracted investigation of three days, without any hesitation, unanimously reported in favor of the Eastern route. We assure the travelling community that the citizens of Paris are, as they ever have been, disposed to open the road as soon as possible, and that when constructed it will be one of the best roads in the County.

The following "Big Chinese Letter," addressed to the President of the United States, we copy as a Literary curiosity.

THE GREAT EMPEROR presents his regards to the President, and trusts He is well.

I the EMPEROR having looked up and received the manifest will of HEAVEN, hold the reins of government over, and soothe and tranquilize the Central Flowering Kingdom, regarding all within and beyond the borderer seas as one and the same family.

Early in the spring, the "ambassador of your honorable nation, Caleb Cushing, having received your letter, arrived from afar at my province of Yue. He having Past over the vast oceans with unspokeable toil and fatigue, I, the Emperor, not bearing to cause him further inconvenience of traveling by land and water, to dispense with his coming to Peking to be presented at court, specially appointed Ye King, of the imperial house, minister and commissioner extraordinary, to repair thither, and to treat him with courteous attention.

Moreover, they having negotiated and settled all things proper, and the said minister took the letter, and presented it for my inspection; and your sincerity and friendship being in the highest degree real, and the thoughts and sentiments being with the utmost sincerity and truth kind, at the time of opening and perusing it, my pleasure and delight were exceedingly profound.

All and everything they had settled regarding the regulations of commerce, I, the Emperor, found them all examined with utmost scrupulousity, and found they were all perspicuous, entirely and perfectly judicious, and forever worthy of adherence.

To Kwang Chow, Hen Mun, Fuh Chow, Ning Po, and Shand Hoe,* it is alike permitted the citizens of the United States, to proceed and according to the articles of the treaty, at their convenience to carry on the commerce.

Now, bound by perpetual amity and concord, advantage will accrue to the citizens of both nations, which I trust must certainly cause the President also to be extremely satisfied and delighted.

Toan Kwank, 24th yr. 11 m. and 7th d.—[16th Dec. A. D. 1844.]

Great seat of the empire in [Signet of the Chinese and Tartar.

(Signed) PETER PARKER,
Late Chinese Secretary to the Legation.

* The five ports in the Chinese Empire where the Treaty opens to the foreign commerce of the United States.

SOUTH AMERICA. Late news from this quarter says:—The army of Kossa is now in possession of the whole Republic of Uruguay, with the exception of Montevideo—the entire force under the command of General Rivera having been completely destroyed at the battle of Araya of Indie Muerte, by the army under the command of General Urquiza. General Rivera escaped to Brazil, almost naked, having been surprised while sleeping, near the frontiers, three or four days after the battle. He is at present in Rio de Janeiro.

The last Joke. The Worcester Palladium says, that the editor of a "teetotal temperance" paper has sued a rum-seller for a libel, and attached a store full of rum for damages. Speculation is busy as to the disposition he will make of the rum; whether he will drink it, or sell it. They are having rum doings in Worcester.

"Oh! for a Lodge in some vast wilderness as the Odd Fellow said in Oregon."

